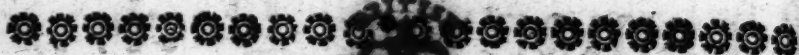


T H E
Seaman of Dover. 20

In Four PARTS. 1165-6-11
20



Bristol: Sold by S. NAYLER, Printer, in Broad-
mead where Travellers, &c. may be supply'd as
cheap as in London.



P A R T 1.

A Seaman of Dover, whose excellent parts,
For wisdom & learning had conquer'd the hearts
Of many young damse's of beauty so bright
Of him this new ditty in brief I will write.

And shew of his turnings and winding of fate,
His passion and sorrows so many and great:
And how he was blessed with love at last,
When all the rough storms of troubles were past,

Now to be brief, I shall tell you the truth,
A beautiful lady whose name it was Ruth,
A squire's young daughter, near Sandwich in Kent
Proves all his heart's treasure, his joy, and content.

Unknown to her parents in private they met,
Where many love lessons, they'd often repeat,
With kisses, and many embraces likewise,
She granted him love, thus he gained the prize.

She said, I consent to be thy sweet bride,
What ever becomes of my fortune she cry'd,
The trowns of my Father I never will fear,
But freely go thro' the world with my dear.

A jewel he gave her i token of love,
And vow'd by the sacred powers above,
To wed the next morning, but they was deceiv'd,
And all by the means of a treacherous maid.

She told her dear parents that they were agreed,
With that they fell both in a passion with speed,
And said, e'er a seaman their daughter should have,
They had rather follow her corps to the grave.

The lady was straight to her chamber confin'd,
Here long she continu'd in sorrow of mind,
And so did her love, for the loss of his dear,
No Sorrow was ever so sharp and severe

When long he had mourn'd for his love & delight
Then under the window he came in the night,
And sung Fourth this ditty, my dearest farewell,
Behold in this nation no longer I'll dwell.

I'm going from hence to the kingdom of Spain,
Because that i am willing that you should obtain,
Your freedom once more for my heart will break,
If longer thou liest confin'd for my sake,

The words which he utter'd, caused her to weep
Yet nevertheless she was forced to keep,
True silence that minute, that minute for fear,
Her honoured father and mother should hear,

P A R T II,

Soon after bold Henry he enter'd on board,
The heavens a prosperous Gale did afford.
Brought 'em with Speed to the Kingdom of Spain,
There he with a merchant some time did remain,

Who finding he was both faithful and just,
Preferr'd him to places of honour and trust,
He made him as great as his heart could request,
Yet wanting his Ruth, he with grief was oppress'd.

So great was his grief it could not be conceal'd
Both honour and riches no pleasure could yield,
In private he often would weep and lament,
For ruth, the fair beautiful lady of Kent.

Now while he lamented the loss of his dear,
A lady of Spain did before him appear,

Decked with rich jewels both costly and gay,
 Who earnestly sought for his favour that day,
 Said she, Gentle swain, I am wounded with love,
 And you are the Person i honour above,
 The greatest of nobles that ever were born,
 Then pittie my tears, and sorrowful moan.

I pity thy sorrowful tears, he reply'd,
 And wish i were worthy to make the my bride,
 But, lady, thy grandieur is greater than mine,
 There fore i am fearful my heart to resign.

O never be doubtful of what will ensue,
 No manner of danger will happen to you,
 At my own disposal, I am I declare
 Receive me with love, or destroy me with care,

Dear madam, don't fix your affection on me,
 You are fit for some lord of noble degree,
 That is able to keep up your honour and fame,
 I am but a sailor, from england i came.

A man of mean fortune, whose substance is small,
 I have not wherewith to maintain you withall,
 Sweet lady, according to honour and state,
 Now this is the truth that i freely relate.

The lady she lovingly squeezed his hand,
 And said, with a smile, blessed be the land,
 That bred such a noble brave seaman as thee,
 I value no honour, thou'rt welcome to me.

My parents are dead, I have jewels untold,
 Besides in possession a million of gold,
 And thou shalt be lord of whatever I have,
 Grant me but thy love which i earnestly crave.

Then turning aside, to himself he replies,
 I am courted with riches and beauty besides,

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This love I may have, but my Ruth is
Wherefore he consented to make her his bride.

The lady cloathed him glorious and great,
His noble deportment, both proper and strait,
So charmed the innocent eyes of his dove,
And added a second new flame to her love,

Then married they were without longer delay,
Now here we will leave them glorious and gay,
To speak of Fair Ruth, who in sorrows was left
At home with her parents of comfort bereft.

P A R T III.

When under the window with an achign heart,
He told his sweet Ruth he soon must depart,
Her parents they heard and well pleased were,
But ruth was afflicted with sorrow and care.

Now after her love had quitted the shore,
They kept her confin'd a twelvemonth and more,
And then they were pleased to let her at large,
With laying upon her a wonderful charge.

*To fly from a seaman as she would from death,
She promis'd she would with a trembling breath,
Yet never the less the truth you shall hear,
She found out a way for to follow her dear.*

*Then raking her gold and her silver also,
In seaman's apparel away she did go:
And found out a master, with whom she agreed
To carry her over the ocean with speed.*

Now when she arriv'd at the kingdom of Spain,
From city to city she travel'd amain;
Enquiring ever where for her love,
Who had been for seven years and above.

As she walked along in the street,
Her love and his lady she happen'd to meet,
But in such a garb as she never had seen,
She look'd like an Angel or beautiful queen.

With sorrowful tears she turn'd herself aside,
My jewel is gone, I ne'er shall be his bride:
But nevertheless, tho' my hopes are in vain,
I'll never return back to England again.

But here in this place I will be confin'd,
It will be a comfort and joy to my mind.
To see him some times tho' he thinks not of me,
Since he has a lady of noble degree.

Now while in the city fair Ruth did reside,
Of a sudden this beautiful lady she dy'd,
And tho' he was in the possession of all,
Yet tears from his eyes in abundance did fall.

As he was expressing his pitious moan,
Fair Ruth came to him, and made herself known,
He steared to see her, but seem'd not coy,
Said he now my sorrows are mingled with joy.

The time of his mourning he kept in Spain,
And then he came to old England again,
With thousands, and thousands, which he did possess
Then glorious and gay was fair Ruth in her dress.

P A R T IV.

When over the seas to fair sandwich they came,
With Ruth, and numbers of persons of fame,
They all did appear most splendid and gay,
As if it had been a coronation day.

Now when they took up their lodgings behold,
He stript off his coat of embroidered gold,

And presently borrows a marriners suit,
That he with her parents might have some dispute:

Before they were sensible he was so great,
And when he came and knockt at the gate,
He soon saw her father and mother likewise,
Expressing their sorrow with tears in their eyes.

To them with obeysance he modestly said,
Pray where is my jewel, that innocent maid.
Whole sweet lovely beauty doth thousands excell,
I fear by your weeping, that all is not well.

No, no, she is gone, she is utterly lost,
We have not heard of her this twelvemonths past,
Which makes us distracted with sorrow and care,
And drowns us in tears at the point of dispare.

I'm grieved to here these sad tidings he said,
Alas! honest young-man her father he said,
I heartily wish she'd been wedded to you,
We then this anguish had never gone through.

Sweet henry made them this answer again,
I am newly come from the kingdom of Spain,
From whence I have brought me a beautiful bride,
Ana am to be wedded to morrow he cry'd.

And if you will come to my wedding said he,
Both you and your lady right welcome shall be,
They promis'd they would, and accordingly came,
Not thinking to meet with such persons of fame.

All deck'd in their jewels and rubies and pearls,
As equal companions for lords and earls,
Fair Ruth with her love were as gay as the rest,
So they in their marriage were happily blest.

Now as they return'd from the church to an inn,
The father and mother of ruth did begin,

To know their daughter by a certain mole,
Alltho she was cloathed in garments of gold.

With transports of joy they flew to the bride,
Oh ! where hast thou been, sweet daughter they cry'd
Thy tedious absence has grieved us sore,
As fearing alas ! we should never see you more.

Dear parents she said many hazards I did run,
To fetch home my love, and your dutiful Son,
Receive him with joy for 'tis very well known,
He seeks not your wealth he's enough of his own,

Her father reply'd and merrily smil'd, — (child
He brought home enough as he brought home my
A thousand times welcome you are I declare,
Whose presence disperses my sorrow and care.

Full seven long days then in feasting they spent,
The bells in the steeples then merrily went,
And many fair pounds were bestow'd on the poor,
The like of this wedding was never before.

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F I N I S.

